1597

THE ECONOMY

OF

HUMAN LIFE.

COMPLETE IN TWO PARTS.

TRANSLATED FROM AN INDIAN MANUSCRIPT
WRITTEN BY AN ANCIENT BRAMIN

To which is prefixed an account of the manner in which the said manuscript was discovered

IN A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN THEN RESIDING IN CHINA TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

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THE BENARES HINDU UNIVERSITY BENARES
1922.

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Advertisement to the Public.

THE spirit of virtue and morality which breathes in this ancient piece of Eastern instruction, its force and conciseness, and the hopes that it may do good, have prevailed with the person to whom it was sent to communicate to the public what was translated only for his particular amusement. There are some reasons which at present make it proper to conceal, not only his own name, but the name of his correspondent, who has now resided in China several years, and been engaged in a business very different from that of collecting literary curiosities. These reasons will not subsist long; and as he seems to intimate a design, on his return to England, of publishing an entire translation of Cao-tsou's whole Journey, the public will then, in all probability, have an opportunity of being satisfied concerning any particulars which they may be curious to know.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Pekin, May 12, 1749.

MY LORD,

In the last letter which I had the honour of writing to your Lordship, dated December 23, 1748, I think I concluded all I had to say in regard to the topography and natural history of this great empire. I purposed in this and some succeeding ones to have set down such observations as I have been able to make on the laws, government, religion, and manners of the people; but a remarkable occurrence has happened lately, which engrosses the conversation of the *literati* here, and may hereafter, perhaps, afford matter of speculation to the learned in Europe. As it is of a nature which I know will furnish some entertainment to your Lordship, I will endeavour to give you as distinct and particular an account of it as I have been able to obtain.

Adjoining to China on the west is the large country of Thibet, called by some Barantola. In a province of this country, named Lasa, resides the Grand Lama, or High Priest, of these idolaters, who is reverenced and even adored as a god by most of the neighbouring nations. The high opinion which is entertained of his sacred character induces prodigious numbers of religious people to resort to Lasa to pay their homage to him, and to give him presents in order to receive his blessing. His residence is in a most magnificent pagod or temple, built on the top of the mountain Poutala. The foot of the mountain, and even the whole district of Lasa, is inhabited by an incredible number of Lamas of different ranks and orders, several of whom have very grand pagods erected to their honour, in which they receive a kind of inferior worship. The whole country, like Italy, abounds with priests; and they entirely subsist on the great number of rich presents which are sent them from the utmost extent of Tartary, from the empire of the great Mogul, and from all parts of the East. When the Grand Lama receives the adorations of the people

he is raised on a magnificent altar, and sits cross-legged on a splendid cushion. His worshippers prostrate themselves before him in the humblest and most abject manner; but he returns not the least sign of respect, nor ever speaks even to the greatest princes. He only lays his hand upon their heads, and they are fully persuaded that they receive from thence a full forgiveness of all their sins. They are likewise so extravagant as to imagine that he knows all things, even the secrets of the heart; and his particular disciples, being a select number of about two hundred of the most eminent Lamas, have the address to make the people believe he is immortal and that whenever he appears to die he only changes his place of abode and animates a new body.

The learned in China have long been of opinion that in the archives of this grand temple some very ancient books have for many ages been concealed; and the present Emperor, who is very curious in searching after the writings of antiquity, became at length so fully convinced of the probability of this opinion, that he determined to try whether any discovery of this sort could be made. To this end, his first care was to find out a person eminently skilful in the ancient languages and characters. He at length pitched upon one of the *Hauslins*, or doctors of the first order, whose name was Cao-tsou, a man of about fifty years of age, of a grave and noble aspect, of great eloquence, and who, by an accidental friendship with a certain learned Lama, who had resided many years at Pekin, was become entirely master of the language which the Lamas of Thibet use among themselves.

With these qualifications he set forward on his journey; and to give his commission the greater weight the Emperor honoured him with the title of Coloa, or Prime Minister. To which he added a most magnificent equipage and attendance, with presents for the Grand Lama and the other principal Lamas of an immense value, also a letter written in his own hand, in the following terms:—

To the Great Representative of GOD: Most High, most holy, and worthy to be adored!

"WE, *the Emperor of China*, sovereign of all the sovereigns of the earth, in the person of this our most respected Prime Minister Cao-tsou, with all reverence and humility prostrate ourself beneath thy sacred feet, and implore for ourself, our friends, and our empire thy most powerful and gracious benediction.

"Having a strong desire to search into the records of antiquity, to learn and retrieve the wisdom of the ages that are past and being well informed that in the sacred repositories of thy most ancient and venerable hierarchy there are some valuable books, which from their great antiquity are become to the generality, even of the learned, almost unintelligible; in order as far as in us lies to prevent their being totally lost, we have thought proper to authorise and employ our most learned and respected minister Cao-tsou in this our present embassy to thy Sublime holiness. The business of which is, to desire that he may be permitted to read and examine the said writings; we expecting from his great and uncommon skill in the ancient languages that he will be able to interpret whatever may be found, though of the highest and most obscure antiquity. And we have commanded him to throw himself at thy feet, with such testimonies of our respect as, we trust, will procure him the admittanee we desire."

I will not detain your Lordship with any particulars of his journey, though he hath published a large account of it, abounding with many surprising relations, and which at my return to England I may probably translate, and publish entire. Let it suffice at present that, when he arrived in these sacred territories, the magnificenee of his presents failed not to gain him a ready admission. He had apartments appointed him in the Sacred College, and was assisted in his enquiries by one of the most learned Lamas. He continued there near six months, during which time he had the satisfaction of finding many valuable pieces of antiquity; for some of which he hath made very curious extracts, and hath formed such probable conjectures concerning

their authors, and the times wherein they were written, as proves him to be a man of great judgment and penetration, as well as most extensive reading.

But the most ancient piece he had discovered, and which none of the Lamas for many ages had been able to interpret or understand, is a small system of morality, written in the language and character of the ancient Gymnosophists or Bramins; but by what particular person, or in what time, he does not determine. This piece, however, he wholly translated; though, as he himself confesses, with an utter incapacity of reaching, in the Chinese language, the strength and sublimity of the original. The judgments and opinions of the Bonzees and the learned doctors are very much divided concerning it. Those who admire it the most highly are very fond of attributing it to Confucius, their own great philosopher; and get over the difficulty of its being written in the language and character of the ancient Bramins by supposing this to be only a translation, and that the original work of Confucius is lost. Some will have it to be the institutes of Lao Kiun, another Chinese philosopher, contemporary with Confucius, and founder of the sect Taossee; but these labour under the same difficulty, in regard to the language, with those who attribute it to Confucius. There are others who, from some particular marks and sentiments which they find in it, suppose it to be written by the Bramin Dandamis, whose famous letter to Alexander the Great is recorded by the European writers. With these Cao-tsou himself seems most to agree; at least, so far as to think that it is really the work of some ancient Bramin; being fully persuaded from the spirit with which it is written that it is no translation. One thing, however, occasions some doubt among them, and that is the plan of it, which is entirely new to the Eastern people, and so unlike anything they have ever seen, that if it was not for some turns of expression peculiar to the East, and the impossibility of accounting for its being written in this very ancient language, many would suppose it to be the work of an European

But whoever was the writer of it, the great noise which it makes in this city and all over the empire, the eagerness with which it is read by all kinds of people, and the high encomiums which are given to it by some, at length determined me to attempt a translation of it into English, especially as I was persuaded it would be an agreeable present to your Lordship. And I was the more easily induced to make this trial, as very happily for me you cannot judge how far I have fallen short of the original, or even of the Chinese translation. One thing, however, it may perhaps be necessary to apologize for, at least to give some account of; and that is, the style and manner in which I have translated it. I can assure your Lordship, that when I first sat down to work I had not the least intention of doing it in this way; but the sublime manner of thinking which appeared in the Introduction, the great energy of expression, and the shortness of the sentences naturally led me into this kind of style. And I hope the having so elegant a pattern to form myself upon as our version of the book of Job, the Psalms, the works of Solomon, and the Prophets, hath been of some advantage to my translation.

Such as it is, if it affords your Lordship any entertainment I shall think myself extremely happy; and in my next will resume an account of this people and their empire.

I AM, ETC.

THE
ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

INTRODUCTION

Bow down your heads unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of earth! be silent, and receive, with reverence, instruction from on high.

Wheresoever the sun doth shine, wheresoever the wind doth blow, wheresoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive; there let the precepts of life be made known, let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded; his wisdom is from eternity; and his goodness endureth for ever.

He sitteth on his throne in the centre; and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited space.

Order and grace and beauty spring from his hand.

The voice of wisdom speaketh in all his works; but the human understanding comprehendeth it not.

The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream; he seeth as in the dark; he reasoneth and is deceived.

But the wisdom of God is as the light of heaven; he reasoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Justice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance for ever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power shall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wisdom? Can any in goodness be compared unto him?

He it is, O man, who hath created thee. thy station on earth is fixed by his appointment; the powers of thy mind are the gifts of his goodness; the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear, then, his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth shall establish his soul in peace.

Duties that relate to Man,

CONSIDERED AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

SECTION I.

CONSIDERATION.

COMMUNE with thyself, O man! and consider wherefore thou wert made.

Contemplate thy powers; contemplate thy wants and thy connections: so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to speak or to act before thou hast weighed thy words and examined the tendency of every step thou shalt take: so shall disgrace fly far from thee, and in thy house shall shame be a stranger; repentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue: he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other side which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken, therefore, unto the voice of Consideration; her words are the words of wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.

SECTION II.

MODESTY.

WHO art thou, O man, that presumest on thine own wisdom? or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements?

The first step towards being wise is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldest not be esteemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth; and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom; he weigheth the councils of a friend and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not: he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But, behold the vain man, and observe the arrogant; he clotheth himself in rich attire, he walketh in the public street, he casteth round his eyes, and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head, and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with insolence, and his superiors in return look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination; his delight is to hear and to speak of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth with greediness his own praise; and the flatterer in return eateth him up.

SECTION III.

APPLICATION.

SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee, it behoveth thee, O man, to employ the present time,

without regretting the loss of that which is past or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine; the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain, but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath shut out Idleness from his house, and hath said unto Sloth, "Thou art mine enemy."

He riseth up early, and lieth down late; he exerciseth his mind with contemplation and his body with action, and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burden to himself; his hours hang heavy on his hand; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud; and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move. His mind is in darkness, his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application. He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder; his servants are wasteful and riotous; and he runneth on towards ruin: he seeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he shaketh his head and wisheth, but hath no resolution, till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

SECTION IV.

EMULATION.

IF thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praiseworthy.

The oak that now spreadeth his branches toward the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let anyone go before thee in well-doing: nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitor by any dishonest or unworthy methods, strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him; so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By virtuous emulation, the spirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree, in spite of oppression; and, as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night; and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs; he rejoiceth in the execution thereof; and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue spitteth venom; the success of his neighbour breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining; and the good that happeneth to another is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart, and there is no rest in him.

He feeleth in his own breast no love of goodness; and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himself.

He endeavours to depreciate those who excel him; and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates mischief; but the detestation of man pursueth him; he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

SECTION V.

PRUDENCE.

HEAR the words of Prudence; give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart; her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her; she is the guide and the mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue, set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself; whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling; the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he who cannot restrain his tongue shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

[Avarice is the parent of evil deeds; but frugality is the sure guardian of our virtues.]*

Let thine own business engage thy attention; leave the care of the State to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality: he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life shall live to lament the want of its necessaries.

From the experience of others do thou learn wisdom; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him; yet mistrust not without reason; it is uncharitable.

* This does not appear in the first edition.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Refuse the favours of a mercenary man; they will be a snare unto thee. Thou shalt never be quit of the obligation.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want, neither leave that to hazard, which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not even from prudence infallible success; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful; yet never had a fool thorough enjoyment, never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

SECTION VI.

FORTITUDE.

PERILS, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury are more or less the certain lot of every man who cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that thou mayest support with a becoming resolution thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not; so the fortitude of a man shall sustain him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune: his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea-shore, he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill; and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him, and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight; and his constancy shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarrassed and confounded; in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

SECTION VII.

CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not, O man, that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal, who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often in mercy denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours, His benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest, behold the root whence they spring, even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmur not, therefore, at the dispensation of God, but correct thine own heart; neither say within thyself, "If I had wealth, or power, or leisure, I should be happy"; for know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniences,

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power; neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest wisdom, and he, who increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet, if thou sufferest not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of justice, or temperance, or charity, or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and happiness the goal, which none can arrive at till he hath finished his course and received his crown in the mansions of eternity.

SECTION VIII.

TEMPERANCE.

THE nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from Heaven understanding and health.

These blessings, if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy: then is the hour of danger, and let reason stand firmly on her guard.

For, if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceived, and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness; and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection; she hath debauched and palled their appetites; they have now no relish for her nicest dainties; her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she that, with graceful steps and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks, the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips, joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes, and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health, she is the daughter of Exercise, who begot her on Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the northern regions of *San-Ton-Hoi*.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves; strength dwelleth in their bones; and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious Love.

She standeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft and delicate, her attire is loose and inviting; wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sits Temptation: she beckoneth them with her finger; she wooeth them with her looks; and by the smoothness of her tongue she endeavoureth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements; stop thine ears to her enchanting words. If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes, if thou hearest the softness of her voice, if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution; thy days shall be few, and those inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.

BOOK SECOND.

The Passions.

SECTION I.

Hope and Fear.

The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless, let not hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors even of death are no terrors to the good; he that committeth no evil, hath nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings, let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despairest of success, thou shalt not succeed.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears; neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

From fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himself.

As the ostrich, when pursued, hideth his head, but forgetteth his body; so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

If thou believest a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so; but he that persevereth, shall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise pursueth it not.

In all thy desires, let reason go before thee; and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

SECTION II.

Joy and Grief.

Let not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy sorrow so heavy as to depress thy heart; this world afforded no good so transporting, nor inflicted any evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder standeth the house of Joy; it is painted on the outside, and looketh gay; thou mayest know it from the continual noise of mirth and exultation that issueth from it.

The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that pass by; she singeth, and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them to go in and taste the pleasures of life; which, she telleth them, are nowhere to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter thou not into her gate; neither associate thyself with those who frequent her house.

They call themselves the sons of Joy, they laugh and seem delighted; but madness and folly are in all their doings.

They are linked with mischief hand in hand, and their steps lead down to evil; dangers beset round about, and the pit of destruction yawneth beneath their feet.

Look now on the other side, and behold in that vale overshadowed with trees, and hid from the sight of men, the habitation of Sorrow.

Her bosom heaveth with sighs, her mouth is filled with lamentation; she delighteth to dwell on the subject of human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life, and weepeth; the weakness and wickedness of men is the theme of her lips.

All nature to her teemeth with evil; every object she seeth, is tinged with the gloom of her own mind; and the voice of complaint saddeneth her dwelling, day and night.

Come not near her cell, her breath is contagious, she will blast the fruits, and wither the flowers that adorn and sweeten the garden of life.

In avoiding the house of Joy, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this dismal mansion; but pursue with care the middle path, which shall lead thee by a gentle descent to the bower of Tranquillity.

With her dwelleth peace; with her dwell safety and contentment. She is cheerful, but not gay; serious, but not grave; she vieweth the joys and the sorrows of life with an equal and steady eye.

From hence, as from an eminence, shalt thou behold the folly and the misery of those who either, led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of jollity and riotous mirth, or, infected by gloominess and melancholy, spend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.

Thou shalt view them both with pity, and the error of their ways shall keep thy feet from straying.

SECTION III.

ANGER.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees and deformeth the face of Nature, or as an ear - quake in its convulsions overturneth whole cities, so

the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failing of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall not roproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? Whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the wrath of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in a passion; why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it; avoid, therefore, all occasions of falling into wrath, or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches, but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and discolour its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury; he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy, he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wroth.

In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but, remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heels of folly, treadeth shame; at the back of anger, standeth remorse.

SECTION IV.

Pity.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of spring, as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest, so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dewdrops falling from roses on the bosom of the spring.

Shut not thine ear, therefore, against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow, O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street shivering with cold and destitute of habitation, let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feable eye to thee for pity, O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

SECTION V.

DESIRE AND LOVE.

BEWARE, young man, beware the allurements of wantonness; and let not the harlot tempt thee to her delights.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own pursuits; from the blindness of its rage, thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore, give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements, neither suffer thy soul to be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

The fountain of health, which must supply the stream of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up, and every spring of joy shall be exhausted.

In the prime of thy life, old age shall overtake thee ; thy sun shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven, and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

The whiteness of her bosom transcendeth the lily ; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle ; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey ; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of Love ; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

Woman.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence ; and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thine heart ; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to thy form, and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks ; ah ! hear with caution their seducing words ; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember, thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion ; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast ?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life; and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh Prudence; and Virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love, but Discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness; and, therefore, she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace ; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She riseth in the morning ; she considereth her affairs ; and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight ; to that alone she applieth her study ; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with silent delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom ; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth, is the law of their youth ; the motion of her eye, commandeth their obedience

She speaketh, and her servants fly ; she pointeth, and the thing is done ; for the law of love is in their hearts ; her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity, she is not puffed up ; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments ; he putteth his heart in her bosom and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife ; happy the child that calleth her mother.

Consanguinity,

OR

Natural Relations.

SECTION I.

HUSBAND.

TAKE unto thyself a wife, and obey the ordinance of God; take unto thyself a wife and become a faithful member of society.

But examine with care, and fix not suddenly; on thy present choice, depends thy future happiness.

If much of her time is destroyed in dress and ornaments, if she is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighted with her own praise, if she laugheth much, and talketh loud, if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men; though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and

suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of imagination.

But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners, an accomplished mind with a form agreeable to thy fancy, take her home to thy house, she is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy bosom.

O cherish her as a blessing sent thee from Heaven; let the kindness of thy behaviour endear thee to her heart.

She is the mistress of thy house; treat her therefore with respect, that thy servants may obey her.

Oppose not her inclination without cause; she is the partner of thy cares, make her also the companion of thy pleasures.

Reprove her faults with gentleness; exact not her obedience with rigour.

Trust thy secrets in her breast; her counsels are sincere; thou shalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her bed; for she is the mother of thy children.

When pain and sickness assault her, let thy tenderness soothe her affliction; a look from thee of pity and of love shall alleviate her grief, or mitigate her pain, and be of more avail than ten physicians.

Consider the tenderness of her sex, the delicacy of her frame, and be not severe to her weakness, but remember thine own imperfections.

SECTION II.

FATHER.

CONSIDER, thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust; the being thou hast produced, it is thy duty to support.

Upon thee also it dependeth whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself; a useful or a worthless member of the community.

Prepare him early with instruction, and season his mind with the maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of his inclination; set him right in his youth; and let no evil habit gain strength with his years.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountains; his head shall be seen above the trees of the forest.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father; but he that doeth right, is an honour to his grey hairs.

The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee; teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits; teach him charity, and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance, and he shall have health; teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world ; teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase ; teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful ; teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

SECTION III.

Son.

From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they give.

Go to the desert, my son ; observe the young stork of the wilderness ; let him speak to thy heart. He beareth on his wings his aged sire ; he lodgeth him in safety, and supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun ; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful, then, to thy father, for he gave thee life ; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good ; give ears to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour, therefore, to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

SECTION IV.

BROTHERS.

YE are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers; that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity; prefer not a stranger before thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race, and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

Providence

OR THE

Accidental Differences of Men.

SECTION I.

Wise and Ignorant.

The gifts of the understanding are the treasures of God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what measure seemeth good unto himself

Hath he endowed thee with wisdom? hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? Communicate it to the ignorant for their instruction; communicate it to the wise for thine own improvement.

True wisdom is less presuming than folly; the wise man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obstinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination, and to talk much is the foolishness of folly; nevertheless, it is the part of wisdom to bear with patience the impertinence of fools, and to pity their absurdity.

Yet, be not puffed up in thine own conceit, neither boast of superior understanding; the clearest human knowledge is but blindness and folly.

The wise man feeleth his imperfection, and is humbled; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation. But the fool peepeth in the shallow stream of his own mind, and is pleased with the pebbles which he seeth at the bottom; he bringeth them up and sheweth them as pearls, and with the applause of his brethren delighteth he himself.

He boasteth of attainments in things of no worth; but where it is a shame to be ignorant, there he hath no understanding.

Even in the paths of wisdom he toileth after folly; and shame and disappointment are the reward of his labour.

But the wise man cultivates his mind with knowledge; the improvement of arts is his delight; and their utility to the public crowneth him with honour.

Nevertheless, the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the highest learning; and the science of happiness is the study of his life.

SECTION II.

RICH AND POOR.

THE man to whom God hath given riches, and blessed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured and highly distinguished.

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure; because it affordeth him the means to do good.

He protecteth the poor that are injured; he suffereth not the mighty to oppress the weak.

He seeketh out objects of compassion; he enquireth into their want; he relieveth them with judgment, and without ostentation.

He assisteth and rewardeth merit; he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched, and the labourer is employed; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receive improvement.

He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoiceth, therefore, in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof.

That grindeth the face of the poor, and considereth not the sweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppression without feeling; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

His heart is hardened with the love of wealth; no grief or distress can make impression upon it.

But the curse of iniquity pursueth him; he liveth in continual fear. The anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he hath brought upon others.

O! what are the miseries of poverty in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart!

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reasons.

He sitteth down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarrassed with a train of dependants, nor teased with the clamours of solicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapeth also their diseases.

The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his taste? the water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to

his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious.

His labour preserveth his health, and produceth him a repose to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger.

He limiteth his desires with humility; and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than the acquirements of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich, therefore, presume on his riches, nor the poor in his poverty yield to despondency; for the providence of God dispenseth happiness to them both.

SECTION III

Masters and Servants.

Repine not, O man, at the state of servitude; it is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages; it removeth thee from the cares and solicitudes of life.

The honour of a servant is his fidelity; his highest virtues are submission and obedience.

Be patient, therefore, under the reproofs of thy master; and, when he rebuketh thee, answer not again; the silence of thy resignation shall not be forgotten.

Be studious of his interests; be deligent in his affairs; and faithful to the trust which he reposeth in thee.

Thy time and thy labour belong unto him; defraud him not thereof, for he payeth thee for them.

And thou, who art a master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest fidelity; and reasonable in thy commands, if thou expectest a ready obedience.

The spirit of a man is in him; severity and rigour may create fear, but can never command his love.

Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority; so shall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty shall become his pleasure.

He shall serve thee faithfully from gratitude; he shall obey thee cheerfully from love; and fail not thou in return to give his diligence and fidelity their proper reward.

SECTION IV.

MAGISTRATES AND SUBJECTS.

O THOU, the favourite of heaven, whom the sons of men, thy equals, have agreed to raise to sovereign power, and set as a ruler over themselves; consider the ends and importance of their trust, far more than the dignity and height of thy station.

Thou art clothed in purple and seated on a throne; the crown of majesty investeth thy temples; the sceptre of power is placed in thy hand; but not for thyself were these ensigns given; not meant for thy own, but the good of thy kingdom.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion resteth on the hearts of his subjects.

The mind of a great prince is exalted with the grandeur of his situation; he revolveth high things, and searcheth for business worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wise men of his kingdom; he consulteth among them with freedom, and heareth the opinions of them all.

He looketh among his people with discernment; he discovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magistrates are just; his ministers are wise; and the favourite of his bosom deceiveth him not.

He smileth on the arts, and they flourish; the sciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himself; he kindleth in their breasts emulation, and the glory of the kingdom is exalted by their labours.

The spirit of the merchant who extendeth his commerce, the skill of the farmer who enricheth his lands, the ingenuity of the artist, the improvements of the scholar, all these he honoureth with his favour, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies; he buildeth strong ships; he openeth rivers for convenience; he form-

eth harbours for safety; his people abound in riches; and the strength of his kingdom increaseth.

He frameth his statutes with equity and wisdom; his subjects enjoy the fruits of their labour in security, and their happiness consists in their observance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; but in the punishment of offenders he is strict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his subjects; he restraineth the hand of their oppressors, and delivereth them from their tyranny.

His people, therefore, look up to him as a father, with reverence and love; they consider him as the guardian of all they enjoy.

Their affection unto him begetteth in his breast a love of the public; the security of their happiness is the object of his care.

No murmurs against him rise in their hearts; the machinations of his enemies endanger not his state.

His subjects are faithful and firm in his cause; they stand in his defence as a wall of brass. The army of a tyrant flieth before them as chaff before the wind.

Security and peace bless the dwellings of his people; and glory and strength encircle his throne for ever.

The Social Duties.

SECTION I.

Benevolence.

When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O son of humanity! who honoured thee with reason, endowed thee with speech, and placed thee in society to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation, thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyment of the comforts and the pleasures, of life, all these thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty, therefore, to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast; and he rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear unto slander; the faults and the failings of men give pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof; in removing the oppression of another, he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

SECTION II.

JUSTICE.

THE peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals, on the safe enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let, whatever is his property, be sacred from thy touch.

Let no temptation allure, nor any provocation excite, thee to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom, O tempt not to sin

It will be a grief to his heart, which thou canst not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone.

In thy dealings with men, be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldest they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust, and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee; be assured, it is less evil in the sight of God to steal than to betray.

Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of conscience, and be satisfied with moderation; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make advantage to thyself.

Pay the debts which thou owest; for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thy honour; and to withhold from him his due, is both mean and unjust.

Finally, O son of society, examine thy heart; call remembrance to thy aid, and, if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

SECTION III.

CHARITY.

HAPPY is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbour; he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence; neither repeateth he their slanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men; he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth nor evil; he hateth not even his enemies; but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion; he endeavoureth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes; and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels, of angry men; and preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will; and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

SECTION IV.

Gratitude.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root whence it arose; as a river poureth his streams to the sea, whence his spring was supplied: so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligation with cheerfulness; he looketh on his benefactor with esteem and love.

And if to return it be not in his power, he nourisheth the memory of it in his breast with kindness; he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers; but the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, and burieth them in its bosom and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, neither strive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred; for, though to oblige is better than to be obliged, though the

act of generosity commanded admiration, yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

But receive not a favour from the hand of the proud; to the selfish and avaricious have no obligation; the vanity of pride shall expose thee to shame; the greediness of avarice shall never be satisfied.

SECTION V.

SINCERITY.

O THOU that art enamoured with the beauties of truth, and hast fixed thy heart on the simplicity of her charms, hold fast thy fidelity unto her, and for sake her not; the constancy of thy virtue shall crown thee with honour.

The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart; hypocrisy and deceit have no place in his words.

He blusheth at falsehood, and is confounded; but in speaking the truth, he hath a steady eye.

He supporteth as a man the dignity of his character; to the arts of hypocrisy he scorneth to stoop.

He is consistent with himself; he is never embarrassed; he hath courage enough for truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanness of dissimulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet, with prudence and caution, he openeth his lips; he studieth what is right, and speaketh with discretion.

He adviseth with friendship; he reproveth with freedom; and whatsoever he promiseth, shall surely be performed.

But the heart of a hypocrite is hid in his breast. He masketh his words in the semblance of turth, while the business of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in sorrow; he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is safe; but he blundereth into light, and is betrayed and exposed with his dirt on his head.

He passeth his days in perpetual constraint; his tongue and his heart are for ever at variance.

He laboureth for the character of a righteous man; and huggeth himself in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool, fool! the pains which thou takest to hide what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldst seem; and the children of wisdom shall mock at thy cunning, when, in the midst of security, thy disguise is stripped off, and the finger of derision shall point thee to scorn.

Religion.

THERE is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, incomprehensible.

The son is not God, though his noblest image. He enlighteneth the world with his brightness; his warmth giveth life to the products of earth; admire him as the creature, the instrument of God, but worship him not.

To the One who is the supreme, most wise, and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise.

Who hath stretched forth the heavens with his hand, who hath described with his finger the course of the stars.

Who setteth bounds to the ocean, which it cannot pass; and sayeth unto the stormy winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth, and the nations tremble; who darteth his lightnings, and the wicked are dismayed.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of his mouth; who smiteth with his arm, and they sink into nothing.

" O reverence the majesty of the Omnipotent! and tempt not his anger, lest thou be destroyed."

The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the government of the world; he hath wonderfully varied them in all beings; and each by his nature conformeth to his will.

In the depth of his mind, he revolveth all knowledge; the secrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view; he knoweth thy determinatations before they are made.

With respect to his prescience, there is nothing contingent; with respect to his providence, there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his counsels are inscrutable; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy conception.

" Pay, therefore, to his wisdom all honour and veneration; and bow down thyself in humble and submissive obedience to his supreme direction."

The Lord is gracious and beneficent; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is conspicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyments speak his praise; he clotheth them with beauty, he supporteth them with food; he preserveth them with pleasure from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory shineth forth ; if we cast them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodness ; the hills and the valleys rejoice and sing ; fields, rivers, and woods resound his praise.

But thee, O man, he hath distinguished with peculiar favour, and exalted thy station above all creatures.

He hath endowed thee with reason to maintain thy dominion ; he hath fitted thee with language to improve by society ; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life ; so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

"O praise his goodness with songs of thanksgiving, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love ; let thy heart overflow with gratitude and acknowledgment ; let the language of thy lips speak praise and adoration ; let the actions of thy life show thy love to his law."

The Lord is just and righteous ; and will judge the earth with equity and truth.

Hath he established his laws in goodness and mercy, and shall he not punish the transgressors thereof?

O think not, bold man! because thy punishment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened; neither flatter thyself with hopes, that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart, and he remembereth them for ever; he respecteth not the persons, nor the stations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, when the soul hath shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive from the sentence of God a just and an everlasting retribution according to their works

Then shall the wicked tremble and be afraid; but the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in his judgments.

"O fear the Lord, therefore, all the days of thy life, and walk in the paths which he hath opened before thee. Let Prudence admonish thee, let Temperance restrain, let Justice guide thy hand, Benevolence warm thy heart, and Gratitude to Heaven inspire thee with devotion. These shall give thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to the mansions of eternal felicity in the paradise of God."

This is the true
Economy of Human Life.

THE

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

PART THE SECOND.

TRANSLATED FROM AN INDIAN MANUSCRIPT

Found soon after that which contained the Original of the First Part and

WRITTEN BY THE SAME HAND.

IN A SECOND LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN RESIDING AT CHINA.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

Peking, January 10, 1749-50.

MY LORD,

Not a month after I had inclosed to your Lordship the translation I had attempted of the Oriental System of Morality, so famous in these parts, we were agreeably surprised with a manuscript of the same size, whose antiquity, characters, and other internal marks, determined it to be the performance of the same author; which, at the same time that it showed us something was wanting to what he had before esteemed a complete system, nobly supplied the deficiency.

I could not rest, after the first dipping into it, without the pleasing task of a translation; nor, when I had finished it, without doing myself the honour of transmitting it to your Lordship: I need not tell your Lordship that the energy of thought, sublimity of style, and many other circumstances, prove it to come from the divine hand that planned the other; the substance of it carries abundantly more proof of it.

If I did not flatter myself that the *First Part* had met the honour of your Lordship's approbation, I should not be so earnest in despatching this after it; but while I know the value of the work, and know your Lordship's distinguishing genius, it would be impudence to affect a doubt about it.

I am, MY LORD, Yours, etc.

Man Considered in General.

SECTION I.

OF THE HUMAN FRAME AND STRUCTURE.

WEAK and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughtest to be, O child of the dust! wouldst thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom? wouldst thou see Omnipotence displayed before thee? contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made; praise, therefore, thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect, but that thou shouldst see his works! wherefore art thou to see, but that thou mayest admire them! wherefore to admire, but that thou mayest adore their and thy Creator!

Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone; and whence is it derived to thee?

It is not in flest to think; it is not in bones to reason; the lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Something is added thee, unlike to what thou seest; something informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy senses. Behold! what is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after this is fled; therefore it is no part of it: it is immaterial; therefore it is eternal: it is free to act; therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the ass the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage? standeth the crocodile erect, although his backbone is straight as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed these: after them all wert thou created; superiority and command were given thee over all; and of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyself, then, the pride of his creation; the link uniting divinity and matter; behold a part of God himself within thee; remember thine own dignity, nor dare descend to evil or to meanness.

Who planted terror in the tail of the serpent? Who clothed the neck of the horse with thunder? Even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy feet, and tame the other to thy purposes.

SECTION II.

OF THE USE OF THE SENSES.

VAUNT not of thy body, because it was first formed; nor of thy brain, because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the master of the house more honourable than its walls?

The ground must be prepared before corn be planted; the potter must build his furnace before he can make his porcelain.

As the breath of heaven sayeth unto the waters of the deep, "This way shall thy billows roll, and not other; thus high, and no higher, shall they raise their fury;" so let thy spirit, O man, actuate and direct thy flesh; so let it repress its wildness.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame; suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

Thy body is as the globe of the earth; thy bones the pillars that sustain it on its base.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers; so runneth thy life from the heart outwards and so returneth it unto its place again

Do not both retain their course for ever? behold, the same God ordained them.

Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes? thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know thou, that

perfumes long smelt become offensive; that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the sentinels that watch for thee? yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error!

Keep thy soul in moderation; teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good; so shall these, its ministers, be always to thee conveyances of truth.

Thine hand, is it not a miracle? is there in the creation aught like unto it? Wherefore was it given thee, but that thou mightest stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother?

Why of all things living, art thou alone made capable of blushing? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face; therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay, why rob they thy countenance of its ruddy splendour? Avoid guilt, and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee; that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow? Reverence them; for know that dreams are from on high.

Thou, man, alone canst speak; wonder at thy glorious prerogative, and pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praise; teaching thy children wisdom, instructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

SECTION III.

THE SOUL OF MAN, ITS ORIGIN AND AFFECTIONS.

THE blessings, O man! of thy external part are health, vigour, and proportion; the greatest of these is health. What health is to the body, even that honesty is to the soul.

That thou hast a soul, is of all knowledge the most certain, of all truths the most plain unto thee; be meek; be grateful for it; but seek not to know it perfectly; it is inscrutable.

Thinking, understanding, reasoning, willing; call not these the soul: they are its actions, but they are not its essence.

Raise it not to heaven, that thou be not despised; be not thou like unto those who fall by climbing; neither debase it to the sense of brutes; nor be thou like to the horse and the mule, in whom there is no understanding.

Search it by its faculties; know it by its virtues; they are more in number than the hairs of thy head; the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with Arabia, that one soul is parted among all men; neither believe thou with the sons of Egypt, that every man hath many; know, that as thy heart, so also is thy soul, One.

Doth not the sun harden the clay; doth not also soften the wax; as it is one sun that worketh both, even so it is one soul that willeth contraries.

As the moon retaineth her nature, though darkness spread itself before her face as it were a curtain, so the soul remaineth perfect even in the bosom of the fool.

She is immortal; she is unchangeable; she is alike in all: health calleth her forth to shew her loveliness, and application anointeth her face with the oil of wisdom.

Although she shall live after thee, think not she was born before thee; she was created with thy flesh, and formed with thy bowels.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. These must be thine, and thou must answer them.

Suppose not death can shield thee from examination; think not corruption can hide thee from enquiry. He who formed thee of thou knowest not what, can he not raise thee to thou knowest not what *again*?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight? exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee it is morning? knoweth not the dog the footsteps of his master? and flieth not the wounded goat unto the herb

that healeth him ? yet, when these die, their spirit returneth to the dust ; for thine only surviveth.

Envy not to these their senses, because quicker than thine own ; learn that the advantage lieth not in possessing good things, but in knowing how to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of the stag ; or were thine eye as strong and piercing as the eagle's ; didst thou equal the hound in smell ; or could the ape resign to thee his taste, or the tortoise her feeling ; yet, without reason what would they avail thee ? perish not all these like their kindred ?

Hath any one of them the gift of speech ? can any say unto thee, "Therefore did I so."

The lips of the wise are as the doors of a cabinet ; no sooner are they opened, but treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy soul ? or can too much be said in its praise ? it is the image of him who gave it.

Remember thou its dignity for ever ; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatsoever may do good, may also do harm ; beware that thou direct its course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the crowd ; suppose not that thou canst bury her in

thy closet; action is her delight, and she will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual; her attempts are universal; her agility is not to be suppressed; is it at the uttermost part of the earth, she will have it; is it beyond the region of the stars, yet will her eye discover it.

Inquiry is her delight; as one who traverses the burning sands in search of water, so is the soul that thirsteth after knowledge.

Guard her, for she is rash: restrain her, for she is irregular; correct her, for she is outrageous; more supple is she than water, more flexible than wax, more yielding than air; is there aught, then, can bind her?

As a sword in the hand of a madman, even so is the soul in him who wanteth discretion.

The end of her search is truth; her means to discover it are reason and experience; but are not these weak, uncertain, and fallacious? how, then, shall she attain unto it?

General opinion is no proof of truth, for the generality of men are ignorant.

Perception of thyself; the knowledge of him who created thee; the sense of the worship thou owest unto him; are not these plain before thy face? and behold! what is there more that man needeth to know with certainty?

SECTION IV.

OF THE PERIOD AND USES OF HUMAN LIFE.

As the eye of the morning to the lark; as the shade of evening to the owl; as honey to the bee, or as the carcase to the vulture; even such is life unto the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not; though obscure, it displeases not; though sweet, it cloyeth not; though corrupt, it forbiddeth not; yet who is he that knoweth its true value?

Learn to esteem life as it ought to be esteemed, and thou art near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not with the fool, that nothing is more valuable; nor believe with the pretended wise, that thou oughtest to contemn it; love it not for thyself, but for the good it may be to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee; neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moments thou now hast lost of it; employ the succeeding ones in virtue.

Say not that it were best not to have been born; or if born, that it had been best to die early: neither dare thou ask of thy Creator, "Where had been the evil had I not existed?" Good is in thy power; the want of good is evil; and if thy question be just, lo, it condemneth thee.

Would the fish swallow the bait, if he knew the hook was underneath it? would the lion enter the toils, if he knew they were before him? so neither, were the soul to perish with this clay, would man wish to live; neither would a merciful God have created him; know hence thou shalt live afterward.

As the bird enclosed in the cage before he seeth it, breaketh not his flesh against its sides; so neither labour thou vainly to run from the state thou art in, but know it is allotted thee; and be content with it.

Though its ways are uncouth, yet are they not painful; accommodate thyself to all; and where there is least appearance of evil, suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw, thou sleepest in security; but when thou stretchest thyself on roses, beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life; strive to live, therefore, as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst; while thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Complain not with the fool of the shortness of thy time; remember that with thy days thy cares are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life the useless parts of it; and what remaineth? take off the time of thine infancy, the second infancy of age, thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness, and

even at the fulness of years, how few seasons hast thou truly numbered !

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so ; to what end would longer life have served thee ? wishest thou to have had an opportunity for more vices ? as to the good, will not he who limited thy span be satisfied with the fruits of it ?

To what end, O child of sorrow, wouldst thou live longer ? to breathe, to eat, to see the world ? All this thou hast done often already ; too frequent repetition, is it not tiresome ? is it not superfluous ?

Wouldst thou improve thee more in wisdom and in virtue ? alas ! what art thou to know ? or who is it shall teach thee ? Badly thou employest the little thou hast ; dare not therefore to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge, it must perish with thee in the grave ; be honest here, and thou shalt be wise hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, " Why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord ? " or to the fawn, " Why are thine eyes to see my offspring to an hundred generation ? " Are these to be compared with thee in the ill use of life ? are they riotous ? are they cruel ? are they ungrateful ? Learn from them rather that innocence of life and simplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these? then, less of it may suffice thee.

Man who dares enslave the world, when he knows he can enjoy his tyranny but for a moment, what would he not aim at if he were immortal?

Enough hast thou of life, but thou regardest not; thou art not in want of it, O man! but thou art prodigal; thou throwest it lightly away as if thou hadst more than enough; and yet thou repinest that it is not gathered again unto thee.

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but economy.

The wise continueth to live from his first period; the fool is always beginning.

Labour not after riches first, and think thou afterwards wilt enjoy them; he who neglecteth the present moment throweth away all that he hath; as the arrow passeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming, so shall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What, then, is life, that man should desire it? what is breathing, that he should covet it?

Is it not a scene of errors? a series of misadventures? a pursuit of evils linked on all sides together? In the beginning it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and its end is sorrow.

As one wave pusheth another, till both are involved in that behind them; even so succeedeth

evil in the life of man; the greater and the present swallow up the lesser and the past; our terrors are real evils; our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals; and to desire as if immortal!

What part of life is it we would wish to remain with as? Is it youth? can we be in love with outrage, licentiousness, and temerity? Is it age? then are we fond of infirmities?

It is said that grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour; but virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it age plants more wrinkles on the soul than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hateth riot? What justice is in this, when it is not age despiseth vice and pleasure, but vice and pleasure that despise age?

Be virtuous while thou art young, then shall thine age be honoured.

Man

CONSIDERED IN REGARD TO HIS INFIRMITIES AND THEIR DEFECTS.

SECTION I.

VANITY.

INCONSTANCY is powerful in the heart of man; intemperance swayeth it whither it will; despair engrosseth much of it; and fear proclaimeth, "Behold, I sit unrivalled there:" but vanity is greater in it than them all.

Weep not, therefore, at the calamities of the human state; rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man addicted to unrestrained vanity, life is but as the shadow of a dream.

The hero, the most renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakness? The public is unstable and ungrateful! why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools.

The man who neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater, feedeth himself with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy present station; and in more exalted ones, thy face shall not be ashamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself like vanity? lo, when thou seest not thyself, then others discover thee most plainly.

As is the tulip that is gaudy without smell, conspicuous without use; so is the man who setteth himself up on high, and hath not merit to support him.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it seemeth content; his cares are greater than his pleasures.

His solicitude cannot rest with his bones; the grave is not deep enough to hide it; he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being; he bespeaketh praise to be paid when he is gone; but whoso promiseth it, deceiveth him.

As the man who engageth his wife to remain in widowhood that she disturb not his soul; so is he who expecteth that praise shall reach his ears beneath the earth, or cherisheth his heart in his shroud.

Do well while thou livest; but regard not what is said of it; content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly who seeth not her own colours; as the jessamine which feeleth not the scent it casteth around it; so is the man who appeareth gay, and biddeth others to take note of it.

To what purpose, saith he, is my vesture of gold, to what ends are my tables loaded with good things, if no eye gaze upon them, if the world know it not? Give thy raiment to the naked, and thy food unto the hungry; so shalt thou be praised, and feel that thou deservest it.

Why bestowest thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words? thou knowest, when he returneth it to thee, thou regardest it not. He knoweth he lieth unto thee; yet he knoweth thou wilt thank him for it. Speak in sincerity, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The vain delighteth to speak of himself; but he seeth not that others like not to hear of him.

If he hath done anything worthy of praise; if he possess anything worthy of admiration; his joy is to proclaim it; his pride is to hear it reported; the desire of such a man defeateth itself; men say not, "Behold, he hath done it;" or, "See, he possesseth it;" but, "Mark, how proud he is of it."

The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things; he who fixeth his soul on show, loseth reality; he pursueth bubbles which he shall not reach, while he treads to earth what would have done him honour.

SECTION II.

INCONSTANCY.

NATURE urgeth thee to inconstancy, O man! therefore be thou at all times on thy guard against it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and wavering; from the loins of thy father inheritest thou instability; how, then, shalt thou be firm?

Those who gave thee a body furnished thee with weakness; but he who gave thee a soul, armed thee with resolution; employ it, and thou art wise; be wise, and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well beware how he boasteth of it; for rarely it is of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulse from without; born of uncertainty; enforced by accident; dependent on somewhat else? To these, then, and to accident, is due the praise.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions; beware of instability in the execution of them; so shalt thou triumph over the two great weaknesses of thy nature.

What is more reproach to reason than to act contrarieties? what shall suppress the tendencies to these but firmness of mind?

The inconstant feeleth that he changeth, but he knoweth not why ; he seeth that he escapeth from himself, but he perceiveth not the reason of it ; be thou incapable of change in that which is right, and men will rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action ; and see that thou ever act according to them. First know that thy principles are just, and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee ; so shall thy constancy ensure unto thee the good thou possessest, and drive from thy door misfortune. Anxiety and disappointment shall not know the way unto thy gates.

Suspect not evil in anyone until thou seest it ; when thou seest it, forget it not.

Whoso hath been an enemy cannot be a friend ; for man mendeth not of his faults.

How should his actions be right who hath no rule of life established ? nothing can be just which proceedeth not from reason.

The inconstant hath no peace in his soul ; neither can be at ease with whom he concerneth himself.

His life is unequal ; his motions are irregular ; his soul changeth with the weather.

To-day he loveth thee ; to-morrow thou art detested by him ; and why ? he himself knoweth not wherefore he loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-day he is the tyrant over thee ; to-morrow thy servant is less humble ; and why ? he who is arrogant without power will be also servile where there is no subjection.

To-day he is profuse ; to-morrow he grudgeth unto his mouth that which it should eat. Must it not be thus with him who knoweth not moderation ?

Who shall say of the chameleon he is black, when the moment after the verdure of the grass overspreadeth him ?

Who shall say of the inconstant he is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in sighing ?

What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream ? In the morning he riseth happy, at noon he is on the rack ; this hour he is a god, the next below a worm ; at one moment he laugheth, at the next he weepeth ; he now willeth, in an instant he willeth not, and in another he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet neither ease nor pain have fixed themselves on him ; neither is he waxed greater or become less ; neither hath he had cause for laughter, nor reason for his sorrow ; therefore shall none of them abide with him.

The happiness of the inconstant is as a palace built on the surface of the sand ; the blowing of the wind robbeth it of its foundation ; what wonder, then, that it falleth !

But what exalted form is this, that hitherward directs its even, its uninterrupted course? whose foot is on the earth, whose head is above the clouds?

On his brow sitteth majesty, steadiness is in his port, and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Though obstacles appear in the way, he deigneth not to look upon them; though heaven and earth oppose his passage, he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his tread, the waters of the ocean are dried up under the sole of his foot.

The tiger throweth himself across his way in vain; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

He marcheth through the embattled legions; and with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Storms roar against his shoulders, but are not able to shake them; the thunder belloweth about his head in vain; the lightning serveth but to shew the glories of his countenance.

His name is *Resolution!* he cometh from the utmost parts of the earth; he seeth happiness afar off before him; his eye discovereth her temple beyond the limits of the pole.

He walketh up to it; he entereth boldly; and he remaineth there for ever.

Establish thy heart, O man, in that which is right, and then know the greatest of human praise is to be immutable.

SECTION III.

WEAKNESS.

VAIN and inconstant as thou art, O child of imperfection! how canst thou but be weak? is not inconstancy connected with frailty? can there be vanity without infirmity? Avoid the danger of the one, and thou shalt escape the mischiefs of the other.

Wherein art thou most weak? in that wherein thou seemest most strong; in that wherein most thou gloriest; even in possessing the things which thou hast; in using the good that is about thee.

Are not thy desires also frail? or knowest thou even what it is thou wouldst wish? when thou hast obtained what most thou soughtest after, behold it contenteth thee not.

Wherefore loseth the pleasure that is before thee its relish? and why appeareth that which is yet to come the sweeter? because thou art wearied with the good of this, because thou knowest not the evil of that which is not with thee.

Know that to be content is to be happy.

Couldst thou choose for thyself; would thy Creator lay before thee all that thine heart could ask for; would happiness then remain with thee? or would joy dwell always in thy gates?

Alas! thy weakness forbiddeth it! thy infirmity declareth against it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleasure; but that which permanently delighteth must be permanent.

When it is gone, thou repenteth the loss of it; though while it was with thee thou dispisedst it.

That which succeedeth it hath no more pleasure for thee; and thou afterwards quarrellest with thyself for preferring it; behold the only circumstance in which thou errest not.

Is there anything in which thy weakness appeareth more evidently than in desiring things? it is in the possessing, and in the using them.

Good things cease to be good in our enjoyment of them: what Nature meant pure sweets are sources of bitterness to us; from our delights arise pain; from our joys, sorrow.

Be moderate in the enjoyment, and it shall remain in thy possession; let thy joy be founded in reason, and to its end shall sorrow be a stranger.

The delights of love are ushered in by sighs, and terminate in languishment and dejection; the object thou burnedst for nauseates with satiety; and no sooner hast thou possessed it, but thou art weary of its presence.

Join esteem to thy admiration; unite friendship with thy love; so shalt thou find in the end content

so absolute that it surpasseth raptures; tranquillity that is more worth than ecstasy.

God hath given thee no good without its admixture of evil; but he hath given thee also the means of throwing off the evil from it.

As joy is not without its alloy of pain, so neither is sorrow without its portion of pleasure. Joy and grief, though unlike, are united; our own choice only can give them to us entire.

Melancholy itself often giveth us delight; and the extremity of our joy is mingled with tears.

The best things in the hands of a fool may be turned to his destruction; and out of the very worst the wise will find the means of good.

So blended is weakness in thy nature, O man! that thou hast not strength either to be good or to be evil entirely; rejoice that thou canst not excel in evil, and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

The virtues are allotted to various stations; seek not after impossibilities, nor grieve that thou canst not possess them all.

Wouldst thou at once have the liberality of the rich and the contentment of the poor? or shall the wife of thy bosom be despised, because she sheweth not the virtues of the widow?

If thy father sink before thee in the divisions of thy country, can at once thy justice destroy him and thy duty save his life?

If thou behold thy brother in the agonies of a slow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life; and is it not also death to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raising; he who made virtues what they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence; act as thy soul dictates to thee, and the end shall be always right.

SECTION IV.

OF THE INSUFFICIENCY OF KNOWLEDGE.

IF there is anything lovely, if there is anything desirable, if there is anything within the reach of man worthy of praise, is it not knowledge? and yet who is it that attaineth unto it?

The statesman proclaimeth that he hath it; the ruler of the people claimeth the praise of it: but findeth the subject that he possesseth it?

Evil is not requisite to man, neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated; yet how many evils are permitted by connivance of the laws? how many crimes are committed by the decrees of the council?

But be wise, O ruler! and learn, O thou that art to command the nations! one crime authorised by thee is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are too numerous, when thy sons increase about thy table, sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent, and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand of thy children, sayest thou not, "I will have it?" surely thou forgettest, that He who created thee created also these; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou that justice cannot be executed without wrong? surely, thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flatterest with false hopes the soul of the criminal, that he may confess his guilt, art not thou unto him a criminal; or is thy guilt the less, because he cannot punish it?

When thou commandest to torture him who is but suspected of ill; darest thou to remember that thou mayest rack the innocent?

Is thy purpose answered by the event? is thy soul satisfied with his confession? pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easily as what is; and anguish hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayest not kill him without cause, thou dost worse than kill him; that thou mayest prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise! know, when thy Judge shall

bid thee account for this thou shalt wish ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the brightness of her countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, first bow thyself at her footstool; if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls, therefore seek her carefully; the emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby, are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her port; but weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, "Behold, truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it; dissimulation raiseth friends, and I will follow it:" are not the enemies made by truth better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man desire the truth, yet when he hath it before him he will not apprehend it; and if it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it?

The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable; but the weakness of man beareth not its splendour.

Wouldst thou see thine insufficiency more plainly? view thyself at thy devotions; to what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities; to remind thee of thy weakness; to shew thee, that from heaven alone thou art to hope for what is good?

Doth it not remind thee that thou art dust? doth it not tell thee that thou art ashes? and behold repentance: is it not built on frailty?

When thou givest an oath; when thou swearest thou wilt not deceive; behold, it spreadeth shame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it; learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten; learn to be honest, and oaths are unnecessary.

The shorter follies are the better; say not therefore to thyself, "I will not play the fool by halves."

He that heareth his own faults with patience shall reprove another with boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason shall suffer a repulse with patience.

If thou art suspected, answer with freedom; whom shall suspicion affright except the guilty?

The tender of heart is turned from his purpose by supplications; the proud is rendered more obstinate by entreaty; the sense of thine insufficiency commandeth thee to hear; but to be just, thou must hear without thy passions.

SECTION V.

MISERY.

FEEBLE and insuffiicient as thou art, O man! in good; frail and inconstant as thou art in pleasure! yet is there a thing in which thou art strong, permanent, and unshaken: its name is misery.

It is the character of thy being; the prerogative of thy nature; in thy breast alone it resideth; without thee there is nothing of it; and behold, what is its source but thine own passions?

He who gave thee these, gave thee also reason to subdue them; exert it, and thou shalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not shameful? thy destruction, is it not glorious? Lo! men adorn the instruments of death with gold and gems, and wear them above their garments.

He who begetteth a man, hideth his face; but he that killeth a thousand, is honoured.

Know thou, notwithstanding, that in this is error; custom cannot alter the nature of truth; neither can the opinion of a man destory justice; the glory and the shame are misplaced.

There is but one way for a man to be produced; there are a thousand by which he may be destroyed.

There is no praise or honour to him who giveth being to another, but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children hath as many blessings; and he who hath taken away the life of another shall not enjoy his own.

While the savage curseth the birth of his son, and blesseth the death of his father; doth he not call himself a monster ?

Enough of evil is alloted unto man; but he maketh it more while he lamenteth it.

The greatest of all human ills is sorrow; too much of this thou art born unto; add not unto it by thine own perverseness.

Grief is natural to thee, and is always about thee; pleasure is a stranger, and visiteth thee but by times; use well thy reason, and sorrow shall be cast behind thee; be prudent, and the visits of joy shall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable of sorrow; but few and narrow are the paths that lead to delight.

Pleasures can be admitted only singly, but pains rush in a thousand at a time.

As the blaze of straw fadeth as soon as it is kindled ; so passeth away the brightness of joy, and thou knowest not what is become of it.

Sorrow is frequent ; pleasure is rare ; pain cometh of itself ; delight must be purchased for us ; grief is unmixed ; but joy wanteth not its alloy of bitterness.

As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady, so the highest joy toucheth us less deep than the smallest sorrow.

We are in love with anguish ; we oft fly from pleasure ; when we purchase it, costeth it not more than it is worth ?

Reflection is the business of man ; a sense of his state is his first duty ; but who remembereth himself in joy ? is it not in mercy, then, that sorrow is allotted unto us ?

Man foreseeth the evil that is to come ; he remembereth it when it is past ; he considereth not that the thought of affiication woundeth deeper than the affliction itself ; think not of thy pain but when it is upon thee, and thou shalt avoid what most would hurt thee.

He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth ; and why ? but that he loveth weeping.

The stag weepeth not till the spear is lifted up against him; nor do the tears of the beaver fall till the hound is ready to seize him; man anticipateth death by the apprehensions of it; and the fear is greater misery than the event itself.

Be always prepared to give an account of thine actions; and the best death is that which is least premeditated.

SECTION VI.

OF JUDGMENT.

THE greatest bounties given to man are judgment and will; happy is he who misapplieth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountain destroyeth all that is borne away by it; so doth common opinion overwhelm reason in him who submitteth to it without saying, "What is thy foundation?"

See that what thou receivest as truth be not the shadow of it; what thou acknowledgest as convincing is often but plausible; be firm, be constant; determine for thyself; so shalt thou be answerable only for thine own weakness.

Say not that the event proveth the wisdom of the action; remember man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgment of anoher because it differeth from thine: may not even both be in an error ?

When thou esteemest a man for his titles, and contemnest the stranger because he wanteth them, judgest thou not of the camel by his bridle?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou slayest him; thou puttest him beyond thy reach; thou givest him quiet; and thou takest from thyself all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and grieveth it thee to be told of it ? Is frailty in the wife of thy bosom, and art thou pained at the reproach of it? He who despiseth thee for it, condemneth himself; art thou answerable for the vices of another ?

Disregard not a jewel because thou possessest it; neither enhance thou the value of a thing because it is another's; possession to the wise addeth to the price of it.

Honour not thy wife the less because she is in thy power; and despise him that hath said, "Wouldst thou love her less? marry her!" What hath put her into thy power but her confidence in thy virtue? shouldst thou love her less for being more obliged to her?

If thou wert just in thy courtship of her, though thou neglectest her while thou hast her, yet shall her loss be bitter to thy soul.

He who thinketh another best only because he possesseth her; if he be not wiser than thee, at least he is more happy.

Weigh not the loss thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddeth for it; the greatest griefs are above these expressions of them.

Esteem not an action because it is done with noise and pomp; the noblest soul is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing them.

Fame astonisheth the ear of him who heareth of it; but tranquillity rejoiceth the heart that is possessed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad causes; thou canst not know his heart; but the world will know by this that thine is full of envy.

There is not in hypocrisy more vice than folly; to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit than to revenge an injury; so shalt thou have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate; so shalt thou be loved by more than hate thee.

Be willing to commend, be slow to censure; so shall praise be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou dost good, do it because it is good, not because men esteem it; when thou avoidest evil, flee from it because it is evil, not

because men speak against it ; be honest for love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so ; he that doth it without principle, is wavering.

Wish rather to be reproved by the wise, than to be applauded by him who hath no understanding ; when he telleth thee of a fault, he supposeth thou canst improve ; the other, when he praiseth thee, thinketh thee like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified, lest he who knoweth more of it despise thee.

Instruct not another in that wherein thyself art ignorant ; when he seeth it, he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee ; he who suffereth the wrong, may forgive it ; but he who doeth it, it will never be well with him.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wishest thy friend ; behold! the sense of them will drive him from thee : a little benefit alienateth friendship ; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless, ingratitude is not in the nature of man ; neither is his anger irreconcilable ; he hateth to be put in mind of a debt he cannot pay ; he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine not at the good of a stanger ; neither rejoice thou in the evil that befalleth thine enemy. Wishest thou that others should do thus by thee ?

Wouldst thou enjoy the good-will of all men? let thy own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest it not by this, no other means could give it thee; and know, though thou hast it not, thou hast the greater pleasure of having merited it.

SECTION VII.

PRESUMPTION.

PRIDE and meanness seem incompatible; but man reconcileth contrarieties; he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Presumption is the bane of reason; it is the nurse of error; yet is it congenial with reason in us.

Who is there that thinketh not either too highly of himself or too meanly of others?

Our Creator himself escapeth not our presumption; how, then, shall we be safe from one another?

What is the origin of superstition? and whence ariseth false worship? from our presuming to reason about what is above our reach, and to comprehend what is incomprehensible.

Limited and weak as our understandings are, we employ not even their little forces as we ought; we soar not high enough in our approaches to God's greatness; we give not wing enough to our ideas, when we enter into the adoration of Divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly sovereign, trembles not to arraign the dispensations of his God; he forgetteth his majesty, and rejudgeth his judgments.

He who dareth not to repeat the name of his prince without honour, yet blusheth not to call that of his Creator to be witness to a lie.

He who would hear the sentence of the magistrate with silence, yet dareth to plead with the Eternal; he attempteth to soothe him with entreaties; to flatter him with promises; to agree with him upon conditions; nay, to brave and murmur at him if his request is not granted.

Why art thou unpunished, O man, in thy impiety? this is not the day of retribution!

Be not like unto those who fight with the thunder to bring the author of it to order, nor dare thou to deny him in thy prayers because he chastiseth thee; thy madness is on thine own head in this; thy impiety hurteth no one but thyself.

Whyboasteth man that he is the favourite of his maker; yet neglecteth to pay his thanks, his

aderation or it? how suiteth such a life with a belief so haughty?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanse, believeth the whole earth and heaven created for him; he thinketh the whole frame of nature hath interest in his well-being.

As the fool, while the images tremble on the bosom of the water, thinketh that trees, towns, and the wide horizon are dancing to do him pleasure; so man, while nature performs her destined course, believes that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courts the rays of the sun to warm him, he supposeth him made only to be of use to him; while he traceth the moon in her nightly path, he believeth she was created to do him pleasure.

Fool to thine own pride! be humble! know that thou art not the cause why the world holdeth its course; for thee are not made the vicissitudes of summer and winter.

No change would follow in the world if thy whole race existed not; and thou art but one among millions that are blessed in it.

Exalt not thyself to the heavens; for lo! the angels are above thee; nor disdain thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, for that they are beneath thee; are they not the work of the same hand?

Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy Creator, darest thou in wantonness put others of his creatures to torture? beware that it return not upon thee.

Serve they not all the same universal master with thee? hath he not appointed unto each its laws? hath he not care of their preservation? and darest thou to infringe it?

Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth; neither condemn as falsehood what agreeth not with thine own apprehension. Who gave thee the power of determining for others; or who took from the world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected which are now received as truths? how many now received as truths shall in their turn be despised? of what, then, can man be certain?

Do the good that thou knowest, and happiness shall be unto thee; virtue is more thy business here than wisdom.

Truth and falsehood, have they not the same appearance in what we understand not? what, then, but our presumption can determine between them?

We easily believe what is above our comprehension; or we are proud to pretend a belief in it, that it may appear to others that we understand it; is not this folly and arrogance?

Who is it that affirms most boldly? who is it that holds his opinion most obstinately? even he who hath most ignorance, for he also hath most pride.

Every man when he layeth hold of an opinion, desireth to remain in it, but most of all he who hath most presumption; he contenteth not himself to betray his own soul into it, but he will impose on others to believe in it also.

Say not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if reason maketh not the difference.

Of the Affections of Man

WHICH ARE HURTFUL TO HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

SECTION I.

COVETOUSNESS.

RICHES are not worthy a strong attentions; therefore an earnest care of obtaining them is unjustifiable.

The desire of what man calleth good, the joy he taketh in possessing it, is grounded only in opinion; take not up that from the vulgar; examine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt not be covetous.

An immoderate desire of riches is a poison lodged in the soul; it contaminates and destroys everything that was good in it; it is no sooner rooted there, than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection, fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold; his parents might die ere he would open his coffer;

nay, he considereth not himself in respect of it; in the search of happiness, he maketh himself unhappy.

As the man who selleth his house to purchase ornaments for the embellishment of it; even so is he who giveth up peace in the search of riches, in hope that he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Whose accounteth not riches as the principal good of man, will not throw away all other goods in the pursuit of them.

Whoso feareth not proverty as the greatest evil of his nature, will not purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou fool, is not virtue more worth than riches? is not guilt more base than poverty? Enough for his necessities is in the power of every man; be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as unworthy to be seen; silver hath she placed where thou tramplest it under thy feet: meaneth she not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard, that silver is beneath thy notice?

Covetousness burieth under the ground millions of wretches; they dig for their hard masters what

returneth the injury, what maketh them more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure ; where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grass, nor the mule his provender; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills ; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters; even so, no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wise ; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold ; it serveth not him ; he possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him until death.

Heath not gold destroyed the virtues of millions ? did it ever add to the goodness of any ?

Is it not most abundant with the worst of men ? wherefore, then, shouldst thou desire to be distinguished by possessing it ?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least of it ? and is not wisdom happiness ?

Have not the worst of thy species possessed the greatest portions of it ? and hath not their end been miserable ?

Poverty wanteth many things; but covetousness denieth itself all.

The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

Be industrious to procure gold, and be generous in the disposal of it; man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness unto another.

SECTION II.

PROFUSION.

IF there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches, it is the employing them to useless purposes.

He that prodigally lavisheth that which he hath to spare from his necessities, robbeth the poor of what nature giveth him a right unto.

He that squandereth away his treasure refuseth the means to do good; he denieth himself the practice of virtues whose reward is in their hand; whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be well with riches than to be at ease under the want of them; man governeth himself much easier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth but one virtue, that is patience, to support it; the rich, if he have no charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.

The poor hath only the good of his own state committed unto him; the rich is entrusted with the welfare of thousands.

He that giveth away his treasures wisely giveth away his plagues; he that retaineth their increase, heapeth up sorrows.

Refuse not unto the stranger that which he wanteth; deny not unto thy brother that which thou wantest thyself.

Know there is more delight in being without what thou hast given, than in possessing millions which thou knowest not the use of.

SECTION III.

REVENGE.

THE root of revenge is in the weakness of the soul; the most abject and timorous are the most addicted to it.

Who torture those they hate, but cowards? Who murder those they rob, but women?

The feeling an injury must be previous to the revenging it? but the noble mind disdaineth to say, "It hurts me."

If the injury is not below thy notice, he that doeth it unto thee, in that maketh himself so; wouldst thou enter the lists with thine inferior?

Disdain the man who attempteth to wrong thee; contemn him who would give thee disquiet.

In this thou not only preserveth thine own peace, but thou inflictest all the punishment of revenge, without stooping to employ it against him.

As the tempest and the thunder affect not the sun or the stars, but spend their fury on stones and trees below; so injuries ascend not to the souls of the great, but waste themselves on such as are those who offer them.

Poorness of spirit will actuate revenge; greatness of soul despiseth the offence; nay, it doth good unto him who intended to have disturbed it.

Why seekest thou vengeance, O man! with what purpose is it that thou pursuest it? thinkest thou to pain thine adversary by it? know that thyself feelest its greatest torment.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is infected with it; while he against whom it is intended remaineth easy.

It is unjust in the anguish it inflicts; therefore Nature intended it not for thee; needeth he who is injured more pain? or ought he to add force to the affliction which another hath cast upon him?

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the mischief he hath received.

He addeth to his anguish the punishment due unto another; while he whom he seeketh to hurt,

goeth his way laughing; he maketh himself merry at this addition to his misery.

Revenge is painful in the intent, and it is dangerous in the execution; seldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo! he remembereth not that it may recoil against himself.

Whilst the revengeful seeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentime procureth his own destruction; while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adversary, lo, he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth it: if he succeed, he repenteth of it.

The fear of justice taketh away the peace of his own soul; the care to hide him from it destroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adversary satiate thy hatred? can the setting him at rest restore thy peace?

Wouldst thou make him sorrow for the offence, conquer him, and spare him; in death he owneth not thy superiority, nor feeleth he the power of thy wrath.

In revenge, there should be a triumph of the avenger; and he who hath injured him, should feel the weight of his displeasure; he should suffer pain for it, and should repent him of the cause.

This is the revenge inspired from anger; but that which maketh thee greatest is contempt.

Murder for an injury ariseth only from cowardice; he who inflicteth it feareth that the enemy may live and avenge himself.

Death endeth the quarrel, but restoreth not the reputation; killing is an act of caution, not of courage; it is safe, but it is not honourable.

Nothing is so easy as to revenge an offence; but nothing is so honourable as to pardon it.

The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself; he that disdaineth to feel an injury, retorteth it upon him who offereth it.

When thou meditatest revenge, thou confessest that thou feelest the wrong; when thou complainest, thou acknowledgest thyself hurt by it; meanest thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt; how, then, can he who despiseth it revenge it?

If thou think it dishonourable to bear an offence, more is in thy power; thou mayest conquer it.

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy. Greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more glory is in pardoning it; and by how much more justifiable would be revenge, by so much the more honour is in clemency.

Hast thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause? to be a party in the act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it? before thou condemnest, let another say it is just.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated; but he that is endowed with clemency is adored. The praise of his actions remaineth for ever; and the love of the world attendeth him.

SECTION IV.

Cruelty, Hatred, and Envy.

Revenge is detestable; what, then, is cruelty? Lo! it possesseth the mischiefs of the other; but it wanteth even the pretence of its provocations.

Men disown it as not of their nature; they are ashamed of it as a stranger to their hearts; do they not call it inhumanity?

Whence, then, is her origin? unto what that is human oweth she her existence? Her father is Fear; and behold, Dismay, is it not her mother.

The hero lifteth his sword against the enemy that resisteth; but no sooner doth he submit than he is satisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth; it is not in virtue to insult what is beneath it; subdue the insolent, and spare the humble, and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end; he who hath not courage to ascend thus unto it! lo! he supplieth the place of conquest by murder; of sovereignty, by slaughter.

He who feareth all, striketh at all; why are tyrants cruel but because they live in terror.

The cur will tear the carcase, though he dare not look it in the face while living; the hound that hunteth it to the death, mangleth it not afterwards.

Civil wars are the most bloody, because those who fight them are cowards. Conspirators are murderers, because in death there is silence; is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed?

That thou mayest not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred; that thou mayest not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every man may be viewed in two different lights; in the one he will be troublesome to thee, in the other less offensive; choose to see him in that in which he least hurteth thee; then shalt thou do no hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn to his good? in that which offendeth us most, there is more ground for complaint than hatred. Man would be reconciled to him of whom he complaineth; what murdereth he, but what he hateth?

If thou art prevented of a benefit, fly not into rage; the loss of thy reason is want of a greater.

Because thou art robbed of thy cloak, wouldst thou strip thyself of thy coat also ?

When thou enviest the man who possesseth honours ; when his titles and his greatness raise thy indignation ; seek to know whence they came unto him ; enquire by what means he became possessed of them, and thine enmity will be turned into pity.

If the same fortune were offered unto thee at the same price, be assured if thou wert wise thou wouldst refuse it.

What is the pay for titles but flattery ? how doth man purchase power but by being a slave to him who giveth it ?

Wouldst thou lose thine own liberty to be able to take away that of another ? or canst thou envy him who doth so ?

Man purchaseth nothing of his superiors but for a price, and that price, is it not more than the value ? wouldst thou pervert the customs of the world ? wouldst thou have the purchase and the price also ?

As thou canst not envy what thou wouldst not accept, disdain this cause of hatred ; and drive from thy soul this occasion of the parent of cruelty.

If thou possessest honour, canst thou envy that which is obtained at the expense of it ? if thou knowest the value of virtue, pitiest thou not those who have bartered it so meanly ?

When thou hast taught thyself to bear the seeming good of men without repining, thou wilt hear of their real happiness with pleasure.

If thou seest good things fall to one who deserveth them, thou wilt rejoice ; for virtue is happy in the prosperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another, increaseth by it his own.

SECTION V.

HEAVINESS OF HEART.

THE soul of the cheerful forceth a smile from the face of affliction ; but the despondence of the sad deadeneth even the brightness of joy.

What is the source of sadness but a feebleness of the soul ? what giveth her power but want of spirit ? rouse thyself to the combat, and she quitteth the field before thou strikest.

She is an enemy to thy race, therefore drive her from thy heart ; she poisoneth the sweets of thy life, therefore suffer her not to enter thy dwelling.

She raiseth the loss of a straw to the destruction of thy whole fortune ; while she vexeth thy soul about trifles, she robbeth thee of thine attention to the things of consequence ; behold, she but prophesieth what she seemeth to relate unto thee.

She spreadeth drowsiness as a veil over thy virtues; she hideth them from those who would honour thee on beholding them; she entangleth and keepeth them down, while she maketh it most necessary for thee to exert them.

Lo! she oppresseth thee with evil; and she tieth down thine hands, when they would throw the load from off thee.

If thou wouldst avoid what is base; if thou wouldst disdain what is cowardly; if thou wouldst drive from thy heart what is unjust, suffer not sadness to lay hold upon it.

Suffer it not to cover itself with the face of piety; let it not deceive thee with a show of wisdom. Religion payeth honour to thy Maker; let it not be clouded with melancholy; wisdom maketh thee happy; know, then, that sorrow is to her looks a stranger.

For what should man be sorrowful, but for afflictions? why should his heart give up joy when the causes of it are not removed from him? Is not this being miserable for the sake of misery?

As the mourner who looketh sad because he is hired to do so; who weepeth because his tears are paid for; such is the man who suffereth his heart to be sad, not because he aileth aught, but because he is gloomy.

It is not the occasion that produceth the sorrow; for, behold! the same thing shall be to another rejoicing.

Ask men if their sadness maketh things the better, and themselves will confess to thee that it is folly; they will praise him who beareth his ills with patience, who maketh head against misfortune with courage. Applause should be followed by imitation.

Sadness is against nature, for it troubleth her motions; lo! it rendereth distasteful whatsoever she hath made amiable.

As the oak falleth before the tempest and raiseth not its head again; so boweth the heart of man to the force of sadness, and so returneth unto its strength no more.

As the snow melteth upon the mountains from the rain that trickleth down their side, even so is beauty washed from off the cheeks by tears; neither the one nor the other restoreth itself again for ever.

As the pearl is dissolved by the vinegar which seemeth at first only to obscure its surface; so is thy happiness, O man, swallowed up by heaviness of heart, though at first it seemeth only to cover it with its shadow.

Behold sadness in the public streets; cast thine eye upon her in the places of resort; doth any look

upon her? avoideth she not everyone? and doth not everyone fly from her presence?

See how she droopeth her head like the flower whose root is cut asunder; see, how she fixeth her eyes on the earth; see, how they serve her to no purpose but for weeping.

Is there in her mouth discourse? is there in her heart the love of society? is there in her soul reason? ask her the cause, and she knoweth it not; inquire the occasion, and behold there is none.

Yet doth her strength fail her; lo! at length, she sinketh into the grave; and no one sayeth, "What is become of her?"

Hast thou understanding, and seest thou not this? hast thou piety, and perceiveth thou not thine error?

God created thee in mercy; had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into existence; how darest thou, then, to fly in the face of his Majesty?

While thou art most happy with innocence thou dost him most honour; and what is thy discontent but murmuring against him?

Created he not all things liable to changes! and darest thou to weep at their changing.

If we know the law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it? if we are ignorant of it, what should

we accuse but our blindness to what every moment giveth us proof of?

Know, that it is not thou that art to give laws to the world; thy part is to submit to them as thou findest them; if they distress thee, thy lamenting it but addeth to thy torment.

Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor suppose that sorrow healeth misfortune; it is a poison under the colour of a remedy; while it pretendeth to draw the arrow from thy breast, lo! it plungeth it into thine heart.

While sadness separateth thee from thy friends, doth it not say thou art unfit for conversation? while it driveth thee into corners, doth it not proclaim that it is ashamed of itself?

It is not in thy nature to meet the arrows of ill-fortune unhurt, nor doth reason require it of thee; it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man; but thou must first also feel it like one.

Tears may drop from thine eyes though virtue falleth not from thine heart; be thou careful only that there is cause, and that they flow not too abundantly.

The greatness of the evil is not to be reckoned from the number of tears shed for it; the greatest griefs are above these testimonies, as the greatest joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakeneth the soul like grief? what depresseth it like sadness? Is the sorrowful prepared for noble enterprises? or armeth he himself in the cause of virtue?

Subject not thyself to ills where there are in return no advantages; neither sacrifice thou the means of good unto that which is in itself an evil

Of the Advantages Man

MAY ACQUIRE

over his Fellow-creatures.

SECTION I.

NOBILITY AND HONOUR.

NOBILITY resideth not but in the soul; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

The favour of princes may be bought by vices; rank and titles may be purchased for money; but these are not true honour.

Crimes exalt not the man who commits them to real glory; neither can gold make men noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue; when he is set on high who hath served his country; he who bestoweth the honours hath glory, like as he who receiveth them; and the world is benefited by it.

Wouldst thou wish to be raised for men know not what? or wouldst thou that they should say, "Why is this?"

When the virtues of the hero descend to his children, his titles accompany them well; but when he who possesseth them is unlike unto him who deserveth them, lo! do they not call him degenerate?

Hereditary honour is accounted the most noble; but reason speaketh in the cause of him who hath acquired it.

He who, meritless himself, appealeth to the actions of his ancestors for his greatness, is like the thief who claimeth protection by flying to the Pagod.

What good is it to the blind that his parents could see? what benefit is it to the dumb that his grandfather was eloquent? even so, what is it to the mean that their predecessors were noble?

A mind disposed to virtue maketh great the possessor of it; and without titles, it will raise him above the vulgar.

He will acquire honour while others receive it; and will he not say unto them, "Such were the men whom you glory in being derived from."

As the shadow waiteth on the substance, even so true honour attendeth upon virtue.

Say not that honour is the child of boldness, nor believe thou that the hazard of life alone can pay the price of it; it is not to the action that it is due, but to the manner of performing it.

All are not called to the guiding the helm of state, neither are their armies to be commanded by everyone; do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praise shall remain upon thee.

Say not that difficulties are necessary to be conquered, or that labour and danger must be in the way to renown; the woman who is chaste, is she not praised; the man who is honest, deserveth he not to be honoured?

The thirst of fame is violent; the desire of honour is powerful; and he who gave them to us, gave them for great purposes.

When desperate actions are necessary to the public; when our lives are to be exposed for the good of our country, what can add force to virtue but ambition?

Is it not the receiving honour that delighteth the noble mind? its pride is the deserving it.

Is it not better men should say, why hath *not* this man a statue? than that they should ask, why *hath* he one?

The ambitious will always be first in the crowd; he presseth forward, he looketh not behind him; more anguish is it to his soul to see one before him, than joy to leave thousands at a distance.

The root of ambition is in every man; but it riseth not in all; fear keepeth it down in some, in many it is suppressed by modesty.

It is the inner garment of the soul; the first thing put on by it with the flesh, and the last it layeth down at its separation from it.

It is an honour to thy nature when worthily employed; when thou directest it to wrong purposes, it shameth and destroyeth thee.

In the breast of the traitor ambition is covered; hypocrisy hideth its face under her mantle, and cool dissimulation furnisheth it with smooth words; but in the end men shall see what it is.

The serpent loseth not his sting though benumbed with the frost; the tooth of the viper is not broken though the cold closeth his mouth; take pity on his state and he will show thee his spirit; warm him in thy bosom and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous loveth virtue for herself; he disdaineth the applause which ambition aimeth after.

How pitiable were the state of virtue, if she could not be happy but from another's praise! she is too noble to seek recompense, and no more will than can be rewarded.

The higher the sun ariseth, the less shadow doth he make; even so the greater is the virtue, the less doth it covet praise; yet it cannot avoid its reward in honours.

Glory, like a shadow, flieth him who pursueth it; but it followeth at the heels of him who would

fly from it; if thou courtest it without merit, thou shalt never attain unto it; if thou deservest it, though thou hidest thyself, it will never forsake thee.

Pursue that which is honourable, do that which is right, and the applause of thine own conscience will be more joy to thee than the shouts of millions who know not that thou deservest them.

SECTION II.

SCIENCE AND LEARNING.

THE noblest employment of the mind of man is the study of the works of his Creator.

To him whom the science of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of his God; everything that proveth it, giveth cause of adoration.

His mind is lifted up to heaven every moment; his life is one continued act of devotion.

Casteth he his eye towards the clouds, findeth he not the heavens full of wonders? looketh he down on the earth, and doth not the worm proclaim to him, less than Omnipotence could not have formed me?

While the planets perform their courses; while the sun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returneth

to its destined road again ; who but thy God, O man ! could have formed them ? what but infinite wisdom could have appointed them their laws.

Behold how awful their splendour ! yet do they not diminish ; lo ! how rapid their motion ! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and see her produce ; examine her bowels, and behold what they contain ; hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole ?

Who biddeth the grass to spring up ? who watereth it at its due seasons ? behold the ox croppeth it ; the horse and the sheep, feed not they upon it ? who is he that provideth it for them ?

Who giveth increase to the corn which thou sowest ? who returneth it to thee a thousandfold ?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in his time ? and the grape, though thou knowest not the cause of it ?

Can the meanest fly create itself ? or wert Thou aught less than God, couldst thou have fashioned it ?

The beasts feel that they exist, but they wonder not at it ; they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it shall end ; each performeth its course in succession ; nor is there a loss of one species in a thousand generations.

Thou who seest the whole as admirable as its parts, canst thou better employ thine eye than in tracing out thy Creator's greatness in them ; thy mind, than in examining their wonders ?

Power and mercy are displayed in their formation; justice and goodness shine forth in the provision that is made for them; all are happy in their several ways, nor envieth one the other.

What is the study of words compared with this? in what science is knowledge but in the study of nature?

When thou hast adored the fabric, inquire into its use; for know, the earth produceth nothing but may be of good to thee; are not food and raiment and the remedies for thy diseases, all derived from this source alone?

Who is wise, then, but he that knoweth it? who hath understanding but he that contemplateth it? for the rest, whatever science hath most utility, whatever knowledge hath the least vanity, prefer these unto the others; and profit of them for the sake of thy neighbour.

To live and to die; to command and to obey; to do and to suffer; are not these all that thou hast further to care about? morality shall teach thee these; the economy of life shall lay them before thee.

Behold, they are written in thine heart, and thou needest only to be reminded of them; they are easy of conception; be attentive, and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain, all other knowledge is boast; lo! it is not necessary or beneficial to the life of man, nor doth it make him more good or more honest.

Piety to thy God and benevolence to thy fellow-creatures, are these not thy great duties? what shall teach thee the one like the study of his works? what shall inform thee of the other like understanding thy dependencies?

Of Natural Accidents.

SECTION I.

Prosperity and Adversity.

Let not prosperity elate thine heart above measure ; neither depress thy soul unto the grave, because fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable ; therefore build not thy confidence upon them ; her frowns endure not for ever ; therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear adversity well is difficult ; but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the tests by which thou art to know thy constancy ; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul ; be thou upon the watch when they are upon thee.

Behold prosperity, how sweetly she flattereth thee ! how insensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and vigour !

Though thou hast been constant in ill-fortune; though thou hast been invincible in distress; yet by her thou art conquered; not knowing that thy strength returneth not again, and yet that thou again mayest need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity; success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

In adversity is the seed of well-doing? it is the nurse of herosim and boldness; who that hath enough will endanger himself to have more? who that is at ease will set his life on the hazard?

True virtue will act under all circumstances; but men see most of its effects when accidents concur with it.

In adversity man seeth himself abandoned by others; he findeth that all his hopes are centred within himself; herouseth his soul; he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancieth himself safe; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile about his table; he groweth careless and remiss; he seeth not the danger that is before him; he trusteth to others, and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress; but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress, and afterwards plungeth him into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extremes; moderation is the effect of wisdom.

Be upright in thy whole life; be content in all changes; so shalt thou make profit out of all occurrences; so shall everything that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wise man maketh everything the means of advantage; and with the same countenance beholdeth he all the faces of fortune; he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil; he is unmoved in all.

Presume not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity; court not dangers, nor meanly fly from before them; dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

He who despaireth of the end shall never attain unto it; and he who seeth not the pit shall perist therein.

He who calleth prosperity his good; who hath said unto her, "With thee will I establish my happiness;" lo! he anchoreth his vessel in a bed of sand, which the return of the tide washeth away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains kisseth in its way to the ocean every field that bordereth the rivers, as it tarrieth not in any place; even so fortune visiteth the sons of men; her motion is incessant, she will not stay; she

is unstable as the winds. How, then, wilt thou hold her? when she kisseth thee, thou art blessed; but behold, as thou turnest to thank her, she is gone unto another.

SECTION II.

PAIN AND SICKNESS.

THE sickness of the body affecteth even the soul; the one cannot be in health without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is most felt; and it is that which from nature hath the fewest remedies.

When thy constancy faileth thee, call in thy reason; when thy patience quitteth thee, call in thy hope.

To suffer is a necessity entailed on thy nature; wouldst thou that miracles should protect thee from it? or shalt thou repine because it happeneth unto thee? when lo! it happeneth unto all.

It is injustice to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto; submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldst thou say to the seasons, "Pass not on, lest I grow old?" is it not better to suffer well that which thou canst not avoid?

Pain that endureth long is moderate; blush, therefore, to complain of it; that which is violent is short, behold thou seest the end of it.

Thy body was created to be subservient to thy soul; while thou afflicteth the soul for its pains, behold thou settest the body above it.

As the wise afflicteth not himself because a thorn teareth his garment; so the patient grieveth not his soul because that which covereth it is injured.

SECTION III.

Death.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchymist, so is death the test of our lives; the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt; and where dissimulation is no more, the truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill who knoweth to die well; neither can he have lost all his time who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He that considereth he is to die is content while he liveth; he who striveth to forget it hath no pleasure in anything; his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly? let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wisheth not delay because he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakness; year it not, for thou understandest not what it is; all that thou certainly knowest of it is that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life is the happiest; that life which is best employed doth man the most honour, and he shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

This is the complete
Economy of Human Life

FINIS.